The Marlboro' Democrat.

"Do thou Great Liberty Inspire our Souls and make our lives in thy possession happy, or our Deaths Glorious in thy Just Defence."

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John Keats.

Deep in the whisp'ring pine whose profile bars
The moon's white face; hushed in the perfumed bowers,
Where, languid with the breath of sleeping flowers,
The summer night lies panoplied in stars;
High on the mountain crags, 'mid brakes and scars,
A spirit sought to find in poesy's powers
Some beauty to bedeck Time's conquering hours,
Like roses on the flaming front of Mars.

Yet still, tho' lovingly, he sought in vain,
Till nature's blossom bore the bloom of art,
Till ecstasy of joy had wedded pain
In bonds which never hand of man shall part;
Then found within the chambers of thy brain
The sacred fire to light Endymion's heart.

THE BOUND GIRL.

"I'll have to do everything alone!"

Little Janet Rae stood with arms akimbo, and looked about the great Mason kitchen. She was nearly twenty, but under-sized. She had but one beauty—her pretty curly head. She was Mrs. Titus Mason's bound-girl—bound to work for that lady until she was one-and-twenty. Such were the terms of the contract when Janet had been taken from the orphan asylum, a tiny creature of ten, nine years before; and it was the hard work and scant fare which had prevented her growing.

There she stood, looking about her at the array of cooking utensils, the rows of milk-pans, the pile of wash tubs, the shelf of flat-irons, the capacious wood-boxes.

That morning Mrs. Titus, the authoritative, the energetic, had fallen down the cellar-stairs and broken her leg. The doctor had been called, and set it; Mrs. Titus had had a nap, and then lifted up her voice and proved herself equal to the situation:

"I'm laid up for a month, Janet—that's plain to be seen. I've done everything for you; now you must take right hold and go on without me. There'll be the cookin' to do and the butter to make more than you have done, extra. But you can do it, if you try. You'll have to, anyway. Hayin's over, and Mr. Dent 'll be goin' home soon, so that'll be one less to provide for."

Janet heard in silence. She gave Mrs. Titus her valerian, and then went away, and stood looking around the kitchen.

"I'll have to do everything alone!"

There was such a large family, and so much work to be done, no wonder little Janet shrank; but she never thought of shirking. With breakfast at five o'clock, and supper-dishes to be washed at eight, she had always had enough to do; but to undertake all the active duties which Mrs. Titus had been accustomed to perform, was almost appalling.

Janet stood thinking how it was to be done. She was such a little thing. It took so many of her armfuls to fill the wood-boxes with hard and soft wood. She must needs stand on a box to work at the tubs on the wash-bench; and her arms grew so tired at the churning. She had been trained to great capability; but she was not strong enough.

But there was no time for reflection. There was supper to get for the four farm-hands, Mrs. Titus' gruel to make and carry up, the milk to strain, the dishes to wash, the wood-boxes to fill, and sponge to be set for bread.

Janet rushed for a pail of water.

Mr. Dent was at the well.

Mr. Miles Dent was the summer boarder. He had bought a mill privilege of Mrs. Titus and was building a mill.

He was a handsome, very pleasant man—as perfectly healthy people are apt to be, and he was very large and strong. In age he might have been thirty, or thereabouts.

"Very old, indeed," Janet had pronounced him; and she had always been a little afraid of him, his manners were so nice, and he had such nice books in his room.

Whether he was aware of her existance or not, she was not quite sure.

But he seemed to see the hurrying, anxious little creature now—for, saying "My arms are the strongest," he took the pail, filled it and carried it into the kitchen.

"Have your hands full, haven't you, little one?" he said pleasantly, glancing about him. "Your shoulders hardly look strong enough for all this baking and brewing."

Janet smiled shyly — pleased, surprised; but she was too abashed to more than murmur some faint response, and Mr. Dent went away.

But she felt cheered by the friendly words of the big, brown-bearded man; and though Mr. Titus scolded her because the gruel hadn't milk enough, and she was obliged to go up and down stairs three times before the lady was served, she laid her head upon her pillow more lightly than usual—all for one kind word. Poor little Janet.

But evil days were too surely at hand.

It made Mrs. Titus very cross to lie in bed, inactive, and she could not give up the oversight of the kitchen below.

A score of times a day she w[illegible]" Janet from her work to know what she was at, and what she intended doing next. Countless orders issued from her chamber.

These idiosyncracies added greatly to Janet's fatigue, as she toiled through the day, and she actually sobbed with weariness one night, when she commenced to bring in the wood.

She was standing in the woodshed. Suddenly she heard a step on the gravel of the path in the yard.

It was Mr. Dent. He had not gone. He came swinging along in his shirt-sleeves, his linen duster over his arm.

How rich, and prosperous, and happy he was!

Janet did not desire to dispossess Mr. Dent of his good-fortune, but she thought it hard that a little of the brightness of life could not be hers.

But when Mr. Dent came opposite the shed-door, the happy light died out of his pleasant gray eyes.

Well it might. Janet did not dream what a pitiful sight her poor little tear-stained face was.

Mr. Dent spoke cheerily.

"All work and no play makes Jill a dull girl, doesn't it?" he said, taking the basket from her hand and in a moment carrying it, loaded, into the kitchen. "You have too much to do; the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak."

When Mr. Dent had filled the big wood-boxes so the covers would hardly shut down, he said:

"My arms are strong, and they shall be at your service while I stay here, though it will be only a day or two longer. I shall be quite at leisure to-morrow or next day, and you can call on me whenever you like."

Much as Janet was pleased, she never would have dreamed of taking the gentleman at his word; but the next morning proved a rainy one, so that Mr. Dent's chamber, being cold and no fire lighted in the sitting-room, he came into the kitchen with his book and ensconced himself in the great rocking-chair beside the stove.

That was the pleasantest day of Janet's life. Mr. Dent told her such funny stories, and read so beautifully from his great book! and then, he filled the water-pails, and kept the fire burning, and jumped up to lift the heavy tubs for her, and sat down again to keep the bread from burning, while she carried Mrs. Titus' dinner up,

And while he was doing all this, Mr. Dent was thinking what a dear little patient thing she was, and how prettily the nut-brown hair curled over her head.

At night he filled the boxes with wood, strained the milk, wound the high clock and turned the cats out; and all day he had had a jest for everything, and a genial glance and a kind tone, that turned darkness into light for Janet.

She sighed with happiness as she went to sleep, though Mrs. Titus' good-night word had been that "she was a lazy, good-for-nothing thing!" and that she "should be down stairs to-morrow to see what Janet was up to."

The northeast storm continued, and Mr. Dent was sitting by the fire again, when Mrs. Titus limped into the kitchen with a cane.

Now, Mr. Dent had just been chopping mince-meat, with Mrs. Titus' gingham apron and ruffled cap on, and had barely cast them aside, when the lady opened the door and caught Janet laughing.

She might well have looked amazed, for she never had seen Janet laughing before. Now, why she probably could not have told, but Mrs. Titus was very much offended.

She waited until dinner was served, and Janet had gone into the well-room to cool the pudding then she began a bitter tirade:

"Pretty business this is, giggling and fooling your time away, and everything to do! Mr. Dent's been reading poetry to you, has he? How much more churning can you do when you listen to poetry? Have you baked that fruit-cake? Well, I know it's made wrong! Did you shut that settin' hen off the nest? I don't believe it. What's Mr. Dent in the kitchen for, any way?"

"For the fire, ma'am. The chambers are so chilly. And I had so much to do, and he was kind, and his arms were strong," faltered poor little Janet.

"Umph! Been complaining to Mr. Dent, have you, that you work so hard? Whining, good-for-nothing creature! I wish I'd left you in the asylum. I never thought of your turning out like this—luring men into my kitchen when I'm sick in bed—"

"Stop, Mrs. Titus!" interposed Mr. Dent's heavy voice. "Better not go too far. Janet has told you all there is to tell. I felt kindly toward her. I *have* a pair of strong arms which have helped her a little. And they are still at her service. They shall be hers for life if she will. Little Janet, will you accept me for a husband? Many a younger man will not be as tender and true as I, Janet. Will you come, little one?"

And Janet—she looked once with her wide, innocent eyes into the strong, gentle face, then went straight into those extended arms, though Mrs. Titus stood by sniffing the air in scorn.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed. "To think of it!"

Janet never was scolded again. Those kind, strong arms have been about her ever since. To-be-sure, she was not educated for a gentleman's wife, but Mr. Dent took her home to the kindest of mothers and sisters, whose influence and tact polished her unobtrusive manners, and soon made her the most elegant of women. The toil-worn little hands are white as snow now; but, better than all, her heart is the happiest that ever beat in a wife's breast.

Local Characteristics of Speech.

In this country we seem to be on the verge of adding another to the curiosities of philology, whether to the advantage or to the disadvantage of ourselves and our posterity time will tell. The effect of climate on the organs of speech has had a certain influence, so that our "national distemper" of catarrh must be charged with our unquestionable tendency to pronounce our words with a nasal twang which is familiar to the ears of all the world. The influence of race peculiarities in certain sections is equally remarkable. The African, for example, avoids the letter *r*, and the children of his Southern master, drop it likewise from their tongues. "*Of coace*," said a lawyer in a Western Court some time ago, "if this *coat* should hold, &c." and the gentleman was astonished when his native State of Tennessee was named without difficulty by a bystander. But whence comes the dropping of the *r* sound, and its frequent change to another sound elsewhere unknown in Heaven or earth, which reveals the Western man wherever he is found? The little word *sir*, which Dickens laughed at us for using so often, betrays the Westerner the world over. It is not the *s* of the Irishman, nor the *sah* of the [illegible]ro and the Southerner, nor the *sare* of the Frenchman; it is *see'*, either with the *ee* cut short off, like *sy* in *syrup*, or followed by a peculiar sound made by the tip of the tongue against the top of the gums of the upper jaw. The sound of *r* is so familiar that one may easily fail to recognize its peculiarity; but we shall detect it readily enough if we observe how children are coming to say *co'erd* for *cord* and *wo'em* for *worm*. At the end of words we all are apt to drop an *r*, as our English cousins do, but in the middle of words and syllables some of us surpass the English by turning our *r's* into *y's*. Listen to the first half-educated person whom you hear saying *first* or *world*, and you will be only too likely to observe the change.

Workingwomen in England.

It has been calculated that there are in England at least 3,000,000 of women and girls in industrial employment, only half of whom are in domestic employment, and, in fact, that half the working-class families of the land are partly maintained by women, while as to wages, the amount of their pay is so small—at any rate those of them who live in London—that "one might suppose that they worked for amusement rather than for a livelihood." From time to time efforts have been made to attract attention to their deplorable position, but these have been speedily forgotten, and the public has failed to take hold of the present and future condition of our workingwomen. In these circumstances it has been suggested that the celebration of Queen Victoria's jubilee affords a fitting occasion for bringing under the notice of her Majesty and her people the hard lot of many thousands of her sex, and that a representative conference and great public assemblies should be held at or about the date of the jubilee to discuss the many question affecting the prospects of workingwomen. At a preliminary conference it was resolved that such a national conference should be held within the next three months.

He conquers who endures.

Good breeding is benevolence in trifles.

TEA.

How the Plant Was Found by a Holy Man.

The tradition of the tea plant is a pretty little legendary conceit, writes the author of "Some Chinese Ghosts." A cramana, as the Buddhist æsthetic is called, who claims to have subdued his senses, was passing through Kasi, on his way to China, when a bayadere dropped a gold piece into his mendicant's bowl. He interposed his fan between his eyes and the beautiful dancing girl, but not quickly enough to shut out a view of her radiant features, her gold-hued breast and her curved, glossy and pliant waist. The penalty of his mistake had followed him a thousand miles. Accursed beauty! Wisely had Bhagavat warned his disciples: "O ye cramanas; women are not to be looked upon! And if ye chance to meet women, ye must not suffer your eyes to dwell upon them; but, maintaining holy reserve, speak not to them at all. Then fail not to whisper unto your own hearts, 'Lo, we are cramanas, whose duty it is to remain uncontaminated by the corruptions of this world, even as the lotus, which suffereth no vileness to cling unto its leaves, though it blossom amid the refuse of the wayside ditch.'" This cramana had made a vow that he would pass a night and a day in perfect and unbroken meditation. But how could he do so, haunted as he was by the illusion of form. The night was beginning, and he could not drive the dancing girl from his eye. He strove to pray. The "jewel in the lotus" became the "jewel in her ear!" He appealed to Omniscient Gotama in vain. He recited the holy words of the "Chapter of Impermanency," which spake of the temporary character of form, beauty, pain and so on. He recited the eternal verses of the "Chapter of Wakefulness," but all to no purpose. The memory of the bayadere clung to him, and he fell asleep dreaming of her. For a moment illusion triumphed. Mara—the evil one—prevailed. With a shock of resolve the dreamer awoke in the night, under the stars of the Chinese sky. Humiliated, penitent, but resolved, the ascetic drew from his girdle a keen knife, and with unfaltering hand severed his eyelids from his eyes and flung them from him. "O thou perfectly awakened!" he prayed, "thy disciple hath not been overcome save through the feebleness of the body; and his vow hath been renewed. Here shall he linger without food or drink until the moment of its fulfillment." And having assumed the hieratic posture—seated himself with his lower limbs folded beneath him and the palms of his hands upwards, the right upon the left, the left resting upon the sole of his upturned foot—he resumed his meditation. Dawn blushed; day brightened. Night came and glittered and passed; but Mara tempted in vain. This time the vow was fulfilled, the holy purpose accomplished. Strong in the holiness of his accomplished vow, the Indian pilgrim arose in the morning glow. He started for amazement as he lifted his hands to his eyes. What marvel had been wrought? Not even a single lash was lacking. In vain he looked for the several lids that he had flung upon the ground; they had mysteriously vanished, but lo! there where he had cast them two wondrous shrubs were growing, with dainty leaflets, eyelid shaped, and snowy buds just opening to the east. And he named the newly created plant, in the language of the nation to whom he brought the lotos of the good law, "Te."

Microscopic Possibilities.

Perhaps the most wonderful thing that has been discovered of late is the new glass which has just been made in Sweden, differing from ordinary glass in its extraordinary refractive power. Our common glass contains only six substances, while the Swedish glass consists of fourteen, the most important elements being phosphorus and boron, which are not found in any other glass. The revolution which this new refractor is destined to make is almost inconceivable, if it is true, as is postively alleged, that, while the highest power of an old-fashioned microscopic lens reveals only the one four hundred thousandth part of an inch, this new glass will enable us to distinguish one two hundred and four million seven hundred thousandth part of an inch. It makes one's hand ache to write these figures; and who can tell what worlds within worlds may not be discovered with such an instrument as this? Magnified after this fashion, the smallest animalcule will be converted into a giant, and if the same refracting powe[illegible] can be applied to the telephone we shall have the moon brought to our very doors.

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

AN ARMLESS MAN.

A Wonderful Hero Who Harnessed Horses With His Teeth.

Recently there died at Potsdam, N. Y., a wonderful man. An accident deprived him of both arms, which were amputated at the shoulder. He earned a living by using his feet and his mouth instead of his arms. We are told that he owned a horse, of which he took the entire care, harnessed it, fastened and unfastened the buckles with his teeth, and drove with the reins tied around his shoulders. Being in need of a wagon, he bought wheels and axles and built a box buggy complete and painted it. He went to the barn one winter day and built a cow stable, sawing the timber with his feet, and with the hammer in one foot and holding the nail with the other, he nailed the boards on as well as most men could do with their hands. He dug a well twelve feet deep on a farm in the town and stoned it himself. He could mow away hay by holding the fork under his chin and letting it rest against his shoulder. He could pick up potatoes in the field as fast as a man could dig them. He would dress himself, get his meals, write his letters, and, in fact, do almost any thing that any man with two hands could do.

Many a man with all of his physical faculties unimpaired mourns because he can not get along, and yet this armless brother made himself independent without arms or hands. He was like the Crimean hero who, when his lower limbs were shot away, wrote to the woman he was engaged to marry releasing her. She answered: "I will marry you if you have enough body remaining to contain your noble soul."

The English Lace Trade.

Scarcely any native industry has been recently more completely driven out of the country by foreign competition than the lace trade. Italy, France, and Belgium remain—as they have been almost for centuries—the great lace producing countries of the Continent. Things are bad in England, but they are worse in Ireland. At one time Irish lace had a great reputation. Old Irish lace has it still. Limerick used to run Brussels very hard, and Carrickmacross was not second to Honiton. But now the foreigner has almost entirely supplanted the native industrial. There are two causes assigned. The first is cheapness, though an article which is the product not so much of a trade as an art, and for which the demand arises, not from need, but from fashion, cost, or rather price, is not so very important. The second cause is the poverty of design and the great want of variety in patterns. The foreigners appreciate the rule in commerce, to create the demand which you are able to satisfy. And so in foreign lace the patterns change from year to year, the designs vary, the shapes alter, and this combined with cheapness tends to brisk the trade, though probably to the supply of an inferior article. If English or Irish lace is to compete on a fair platform with the French or Belgian articles the elementary principles of trade must be applied to its production.

A Romance of the Custer Massacre.

Another romance originating in the Custer massacre has been discovered in connection with the gold watch worn by Lieutenant Crittenden, who also perished by the vengeful bullets and knives of Sitting Bull's people. The watch was a present which his father, General Crittenden, had purchased in England some time before. It became the booty of a Sioux warrior, who, in due season, after crossing the line, sold it to a Canadian rancher or farmer. The purchaser, suspecting there must be some history connected with it, wrote to the maker in England, describing the watch and stating its number. The maker wrote back that the watch had been sold originally to General Crittenden, of the United States Army. Thereupon the Canadian communicated with the general, who promptly repurchased the watch, and it now hangs in his bedroom in New York city, a sad memorial.

The Pitcher on the Post.

More than thirty years ago a young girl was in the act of placing a pitcher on a post which stands near the South Carolina railway; five miles from Aiken, when she was struck dead by lightning. Ever since this tragic occurrence the pitcher has remained on the post, safe by superstition from the touch of negroes, who believe that the arm which touches it will be pa[illegible]yzed. Storms and cyclones have not [illegible]aced it, although the post which holds it is fast crumbling with decay.

CARE OF CHILDREN IN SUMMER.

The Attention that Should be Paid to them During Hot Weather.

The hot weather is especially troublesome to young children and infants, and as the little tender creatures cannot tell their pains and discomforts, they whine and fret, and are thought to be cross and ill-tempered, when they are really suffering. A little care and precaution will tend to relieve them very much. A strip of flannel buttoned about the loins will be of great service in preventing stomach aches, diarrhoea, and to feed little and often, will avoid much discomfort to them. Nursing infants should be supplied often, and with little at the time, but not too often; once in three hours is enough for them, and the mother should be very careful about her own health and comfort lest the child suffer with her.

Children a year old should be fed upon milk with one-half water added; an excellent food for them is made by boiling a pound of dried flour, tied up in a cloth for four hours, and when cold kept for use as follows: grate off a sufficient quantity, stir it into milk and boil for five minutes to a thin gruel, add sugar, and give it out when new-milk warm. Hot milk sipped from a teaspoon is excellent, given in small quantities now and then. Nursing-bottles should be kept in a bowl of water to which a teaspoonful of soda is added to keep it sweet. Avoid all sour food. Bathe in tepid water every evening before bed-time. Keep one room in the house dark and closed during the day-time, and well aired during the night. It will be cool and free from flies, and the children may rest there when tired in the afternoon.

A HEROIC CAT.

How "Miss Pussy" Saved the Life of a Wounded French Soldier, During the Crimean War.

During the Crimean war a little cat, reared in his mother's cottage, followed a young French soldier when he left his native village. The lad's heart clung to this small, dumb member of his family, and he gave pussy a seat on his knapsack by day on the march, and a corner of his couch at night. She took her meals on her master's knee, and was a general pet in the company. On the morning that his regiment was first ordered into action, the soldiers bade his little cat farewell and left her in charge of a sick comrade. He had marched about a mile from camp when what was his surprise to see Miss Pussy running beside him. He lifted her upon the usual seat, and soon the engagement commenced. Twice did the soldier fall, but the cat clung fast hold. At last a severe wound stretched him bleeding on the field. No sooner did pussy catch sight of the blood flowing from her master, than she seated herself upon his body, and began to lick his wound in the most assiduous manner. Thus she remained for some hours, till the surgeon came up to the young lad and had him carried to the tent of the wounded. When he recovered consciousness his first question was, "Shall I live?" "Yes, my good fellow," was the surgeon's answer, "thanks to your little cat; for if she had not used her tongue so intelligently you would have been too exhausted by the loss of blood to recover." You may be sure that pussy was well cared for, and, contrary to all regulations, she was allowed to accompany the young soldier to the hospital, where she was regaled with the choicest morsels from his plate, and became a very distinguished character.

"Tossing the Pancake."

Westminster school retains its usage of "tossing the pancake," a ceremony performed before the whole school of masters and boys by the cook, who essays to toss the pancake across the bar which divides the upper from the lower school, if he succeed, the dean of Westminster is bound by charter to present him with a guinea, which honorarium is also due to the boy who catches the pancake, and succeeds in carrying it off, unbroken, to the deanery. And though this may appear impossible to the uninitiated, having regard to the flimsy character of the ordinary pancake, it must be remembered that the Westminister pancake is about half an inch thick and about six inches in diameter, and, moreover, is made of flour and water only, and left to harden for a week; thus it offers some resistance to the struggling hands of the boys. On the other hand, the cook, if he fail to toss the pancake over the bar, is punished for his awkwardness by being "booked," that is, pelted with books. It is said that a master of Westminster, himself an old scholar, still preserves, under a glass case, the valuable relic gained by himself some years ago.